The next ficlet is for **lilchibibunny** who gave me a prompt on demand that was basically any, any/any, "I wish you'd never have_____."

And that. is. ambiguous.

So! She gets one (1) sequel ficlet to her Sam/Lucifer college!AU fic, yes she does.

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Sam can't sit right at all, and he spends three straight classes constantly shifting in his seat and trying to pretend that he wasn't recovering from being bent over Professor Moore's desk and fucked last night.

It's not part of their usual pattern, but Sam drops by Professor Moore's office during his daytime office hours and *glares* at him with as much venom as he can.

"Is there a problem, Sam?" Professor Moore is completely innocent as he smiles at Sam. "Come in."

Sam does, and closes the door behind him. "I wish you hadn't done that last night. I had *classes* this morning."

"Done what, Sam?" And Sam could almost buy the innocent act, except that Professor Moore is just exuding an almost visible aura of smug satisfaction.

"You know very well what." Sam shifts in front of the desk and doesn't sit down. He doesn't want to spell it out.

"No, no, tell me specifically. Surely you know when it's appropiate to be specific in a conversation."

Sam glares again. "We're not doing that again."

"Doing *what*?" Professor Moore tilts his head and smiles. "We can negotiate after I know what it is you want me to stop doing."

Sam glares, and says it, blushing as he does so. "When you. This desk. When you fucked me on this desk."

"Oh, that!, why yes, I can stop that. You would appreciate it more when you have weekends, then?"

And he is circling the desk, and he is in Sam's personal space. Sam shivers again and tries not to react, but he can't help it. He can't, not when Professor Moore is pressing to him.

"I have an hour before my next class." He whispers. "And if I remember your scedule correctly, you're done for today." There's a sudden shift in tone, dark and promising. "Beg for it."

"I - " His pants are unbuckled. "Professor - " Pushed down. "God, *please*, touch me."

"Please what?" Professor Moore whispers. He slips a hand into Sam's underwear, and Sam moans.

"Please touch me, *sir*."

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